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The HANGMAN COMICS

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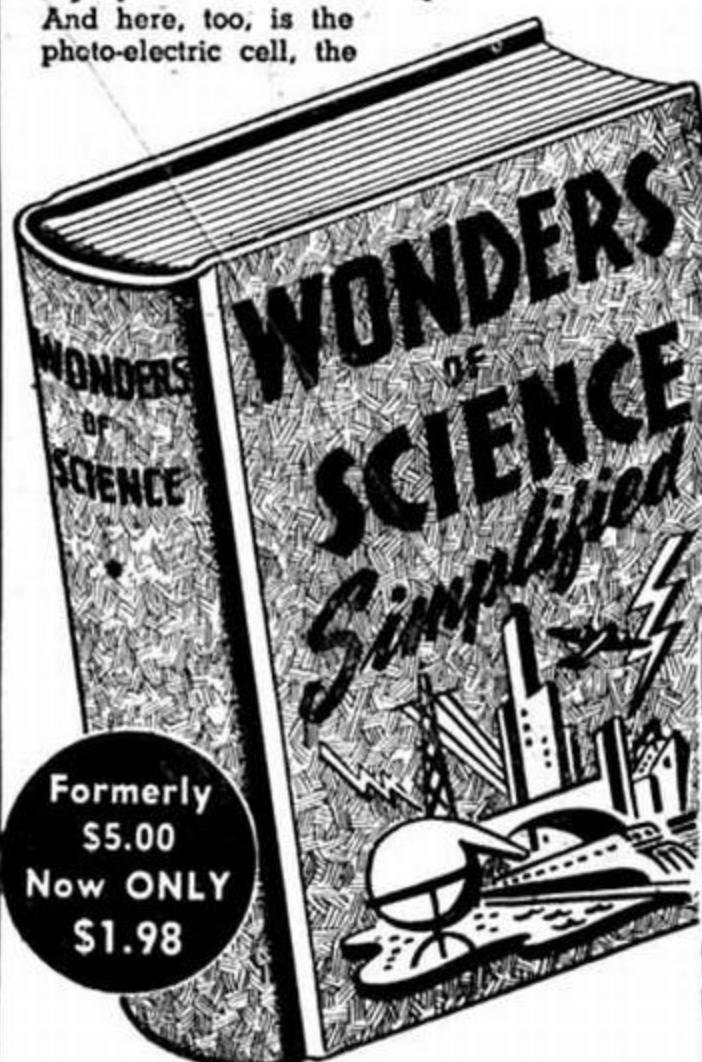
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THE HANGMAN

SPECIAL CASE
NO.4

**THE HANGMAN VS.
CAPTAIN SWASTIKA**
A GIGANTIC SCHEME WAS
ONE DAY BORN IN THE BRAIN
OF HITLER HIMSELF A
SCHEME FOR THE QUICK
CONQUEST OF THE U.S.-HE
IMMEDIATELY DISPATCHED
THE MOST RUTHLESS,
MOST DIABOLICALLY CLEVER
OF HIS VASSALS -----
CAPTAIN SWASTIKA
TO EXECUTE IT, AND IN SO
DOING, PRESENTED THE
HANGMAN WITH HIS
GREATEST FOE, YET!

ONE NIGHT, A REFUGEE
SHIP STEAMS PAST
THE STATUE OF LIBERTY INTO NEW YORK
HARBOR...

AMERICA AT LAST...
FREEDOM FROM PER-
SECUTION.... I NEVER
THOUGHT I'D KNOW
IT AGAIN!



FREEDOM... EVEN AS ELSA IS
UTTERING THESE WORDS --
OMINOUS FIGURES IN HIDING
WATCH HER AS SHE DESCENDS
TO THE PIER...

AND, AS THOUGH SENSING
THEIR EVIL PRESENCE,
ELSA PEERS INTO
THE SHADOWS --

CAPTAIN SWASTIKA!

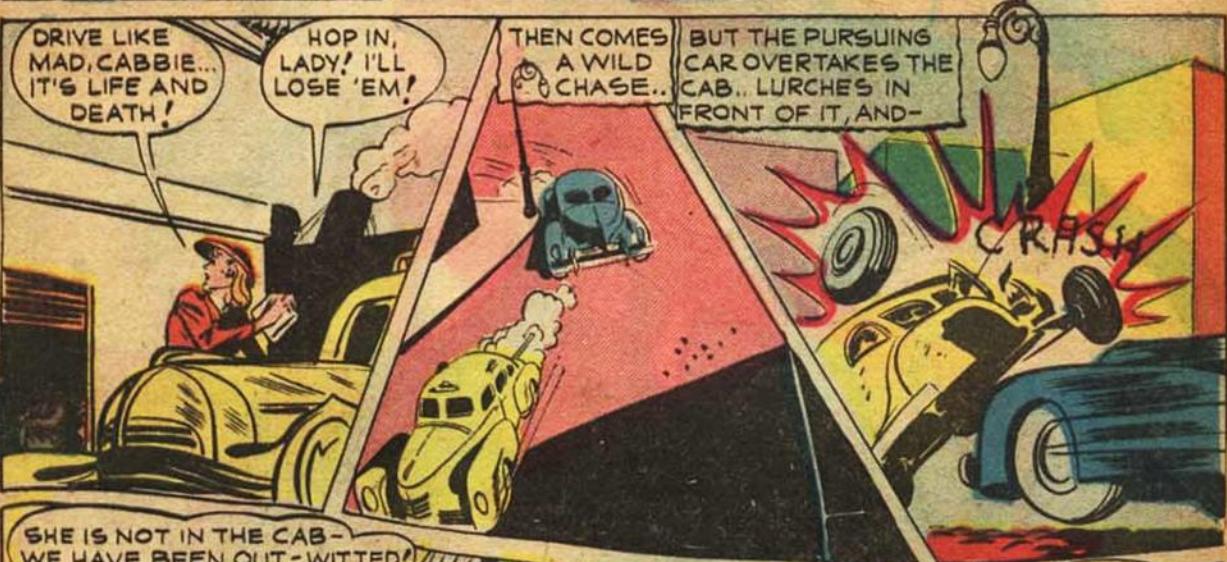


DRIVE LIKE
MAD, CABBY...
IT'S LIFE AND
DEATH!

HOP IN,
LADY! I'LL
LOSE 'EM!

THEN COMES
A WILD
CHASE..

BUT THE PURSUING
CAR OVERTAKES THE
CAB.. LURCHES IN
FRONT OF IT, AND-



SHE IS NOT IN THE CAB--
WE HAVE BEEN OUT-WITTED!

DID SHE SAY
ANYTHING
TO YOU --
SPEAK,
SWINE!

SAY-A NAZI!..
GET YOUR HANDS
OFF ME, YA LOUSE!
YA CAN'T BULL-
DOZE ME!



WE TAKE NO CHANCES THAT SHE HAS SAID ANYTHING TO THAT DOG!.. THAT ALLEY... IT IS THE ONLY PLACE SHE COULD HAVE GONE WITHOUT US SEEING HER... FOLLOW ME!

NOT HERE!.. SHE MIGHT HAVE GONE INTO THIS HOUSE!

EEK... EZRA! LOOK... A MAN WITH A SWASTIKA!

YOU ARE HIDING A GIRL HERE... I WANT HER!

AIN'T NO GIRL HERE! SCAT, YOU NAZI!



LIVES ARE NOT IMPORTANT.
NOW... I MUST GET MY
INFORMATION THROUGH!



FRANTICALLY, THE GIRL FLEES
THROUGH THE STREETS, UNTIL...



THE CAR PROVES TO BE BOB
DICKERING'S...

HELP ME!
PLEASE DRIVE
ME AWAY -
FAST!

WHAT IN...
ALL RIGHT,
HOP IN,
MISS!



TAKE ME TOO 112
RIVERSIDE PLACE. MY
LIFE IS IN DANGER ...
THERE IS SOMEONE
THERE WHO WILL
PROTECT ME!



LIFE IN DANGER,
EH? VERY -
INTERESTING!
WHY?

PLEASE! DO
NOT ASK
QUESTIONS!

IT MEANS
YOUR LIFE,
EVEN TO BE
SEEN WITH
ME. CAPTAIN
SWASTIKA
IS INHUMAN!

CAPT SWASTIKA!
THIS
GETS MORE
INTERESTING
BY THE MINUTE!



BUT...
BUT THIS
IS NOT 112
RIVERSIDE
PLACE!

NO... THIS IS
MY HOUSE!
COME ON,
NOW!

YOU SAID YOU
WANTED PROTECTION -
AND I'M GOING TO
GIVE IT TO
YOU!

I TELL
YOU, IT
WILL MEAN
CERTAIN
DEATH!

I'LL TAKE
MY CHANCES.
I WANT TO
KNOW ALL
ABOUT
THIS!

SOMEHOW,
I FEEL I CAN
TRUST YOU.
I'LL TELL
YOU!



I AM ELSA DANNING, AN AMERICAN BY BIRTH, BUT MY FATHER IS A GERMAN HIGH OFFICIAL WHO HAS BEEN IN DISFAVOR WITH THE NAZIS FOR A LONG TIME. THEN THEY THREW HIM INTO A CONCENTRATION CAMP. BUT NOT BEFORE HE TOLD ME SOMETHING OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO AMERICA - SOMETHING ---

SOMETHING WHICH YOU NEVER SHALL LIVE TO TELL ANYBODY, FRAULEIN!

SO, YOU'RE CAPTAIN SWASTIKA, EH? WELL, MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL YOU DROPPED IN NOW!



THEY'LL BE BREAKING THE
DOOR DOWN ANY MINUTE. AND
I'D JUST AS SOON THEY DIDN'T
FIND OUT BOB DICKERING IS
THE HANGMAN!

NOW, I'LL JUST
THROW THIS DUMMY
OUT THE WINDOW!

BREAK THE DOOR
DOWN, QUICK! HE
KNOWS TOO MUCH
ALREADY!



THE WINDOW...
HE MUST'VE
GONE OUT
THIS WAY!

GOOD! THE
FOOL HAS FALLEN
TO HIS DEATH....
THAT SAVES ME
THE TROUBLE
OF KILLING
HIM!

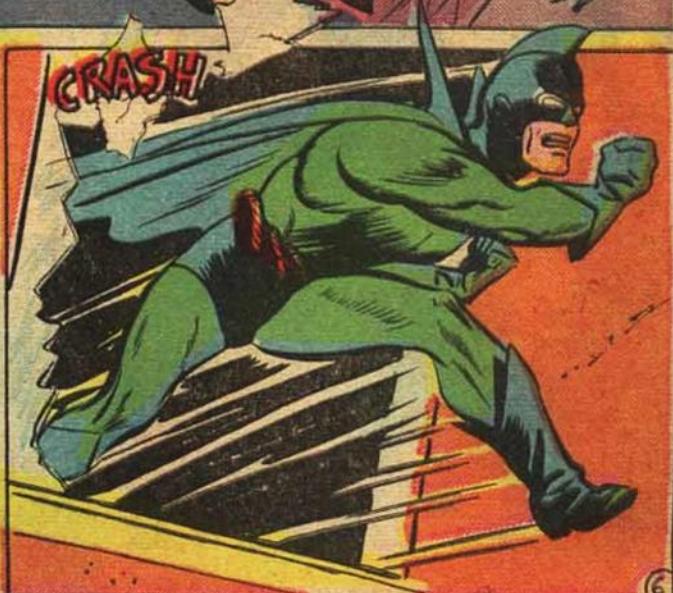


YOU DID NOT THINK WE COULD REACH
YOU IN AMERICA, EH? YOU KNOW
NOW - BUT IT IS TOO LATE --
YOU'LL DO YOUR TALKING
TO THE WORMS!

UGH!



CRASH!



ALRIGHT, CAPTAIN SWASTIKA
YOU HAVEN'T YET MET
THE HANGMAN!

...SO I'LL INTRODUCE
MYSELF NOW!

PANIC-STRICKEN, ELSA
TAKES ADVANTAGE OF
THE CONFUSION AND
FLEES...

RECOVERING FROM THE
SURPRISE ATTACK CAP-
TAIN SWASTIKA HURLS
HIMSELF AT THE
HANGMAN...

...AND THE MOMENTUM
SENDS THEM HURTLING
DOWN THE STAIRS...

A TENANT, ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE,
THRUSTS HIS HEAD OUT THE DOOR.

WHAT IN... A FIGHT!
HELP, POLICE!

TRY THE TELEPHONE,
DOPE, YOU'LL GET 'EM
QUICKER THAT WAY!

THE MOMENTARY DISTRACTION IS
ENOUGH TO GIVE CAPT. SWASTIKA
HIS OPPORTUNITY...

WHAM

AND THE HANGMAN'S HEAD SHATTERS THE RAILING WITH STUNNING FORCE..



HURRY, MEN, THE POLICE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE -- I'LL TAKE PROPER CARE OF THE HANGMAN ANOTHER TIME!



MEANWHILE, WHAT OF ELSA?

ELSA! ELSA DANNING, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN AMERICA?



OH, MR SCHMITT, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

MY DEAR, YOU ARE TREMBLING! SOMETHING IS WRONG? HOW IS YOUR FATHER?



MY FATHER IS IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP. I CAME TO YOU BECAUSE YOU WERE A FRIEND OF HIS IN GERMANY!

CAPTAIN SWASTIKA IS HERE MR. SCHMITT! YOU KNOW WHY. I'VE GOT TO GET TO WASHINGTON AND TELL THEM. HELP ME, PLEASE MY FATHER TRUSTED YOU!



OF COURSE I'LL HELP YOU, MY DEAR. I'M A GOOD AMERICAN, MYSELF. HERE, TAKE THESE KEYS AND GO TO THE ADDRESS I AM ABOUT TO GIVE YOU!



YOU WILL BE SAFE THERE FOR A WHILE. NOW HURRY!



OH, THANK YOU, MR SCHMITT!

GOOT... SHE IS GONE.. THE STUPID LITTLE FOOL. IF SHE KNEW THAT I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR HER FATHER BEING SENT TO CONCENTRATION CAMP!



HELLO, CAPTAIN SWASTIKA! SENT SCHMITT HER TO SPEAK OUR HEADQUARTERS. GOOD WORK, THE FUEHRER SHALL HEAR OF THIS!



SO...AND NOW, THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD'VE SPOILED OUR PLANS WILL SOON BE DISPOSED OF. YOU ARE, INDEED, A CLEVER MAN, HERR SCHMITT! HEIL HITLER!

SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND THE BLOOD OF THE NAZI SPY RUNS COLD AS THE DREAD SYMBOL OF THE HANGMAN FLASHES ACROSS HIS FACE - THE SIGN OF THE GALLOWS...

NO, MR. SCHMITT. YOU ARE NOT SO CLEVER. BECAUSE IF THAT GIRL IS KILLED - YOU'LL HANG.. HANG BY THE NECK UNTIL THE LAST DROP OF AIR IS SQUEEZED FROM YOUR LUNGS!..

UNTIL YOUR EYES POP FROM YOUR HEAD - AND YOU ARE DEAD - NOW, WILL YOU TELL ME WHERE YOU SENT THAT GIRL!

Y-YA! YA! I DON'T WANT TO HANG... I'LL TELL!

GOOD...AND NOW, I'LL PUT YOU IN COLD STORAGE FOR A WHILE!

WHEN HE COMES TO HE'LL BE IN THE HOOSE-GOW BEFORE HE CAN SAY "HEIL HITLER". I'VE CALLED THE POLICE.

MEANWHILE, ELSA, UNSUSPECTING OF THE DEATH TRAP SHE IS WALKING INTO, APPROACHES THE HEADQUARTERS OF CAPT. SWASTIKA

THERE'S SOME LTHING ABOUT THIS PLACE THAT MAKES ME SHIVER, BUT IT MUST BE ONLY MY IMAGINATION!



IN RESPONSE TO ELSA'S KNOCK THE
DOOR SILENTLY OPENS ...

THAT'S FUNNY--
NOBODY HERE...
WHO COULD'VE
OPENED THE
DOOR?

YOUR FRIEND--
CAPT. SWASTIKA!

THIS TIME YOU
WON'T SLIP AWAY
FROM ME!

ONCE AGAIN, THE GRUESOME
SILHOUETTE OF...

DROP THAT GIRL, CAPT.
SWASTIKA! YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO HARM
HER!

THE HANGMAN!

HANGMAN,
YOU ARE CLEVER,
YES! BUT THIS
TIME YOU WERE TOO
CLEVER FOR YOUR
OWN GOOD.. YOU ARE
SURROUNDED
BY MY MEN!

HANGMAN... WHY DID
YOU THROW AWAY
YOUR LIFE THIS WAY?
SHH..... ELSA,
STALL FOR TIME. I
PHONED THE POLICE
BEFORE I CAME.



NOW I SHOW MY CLEVERNESS..THIS IS THE SECRET ELSA WOULD HAVE TOLD YOUR GOVERNMENT - MY LEGION OF THE SWASTIKA! YOU ARE BOTH GOING TO DIE ANYWAY... SO IT DOES NOT MATTER IF YOU KNOW?

MY LEGION WILL SPREAD THROUGHOUT YOUR COUNTRY- PLANT FALSE RUMORS, COMMIT SABOTAGE-- ALREADY, OUR HAND HAS BEEN FELT!



WE RELAY INFORMATION TO OUR PLANES WHICH BOMB YOUR SHIPS AT SEA...

MY MEN DID A PARTICULARLY GOOD JOB ON THAT GIANT SHIP, NOW FIRE-GUTTED...

THOSE STRANGE EXPLOSIONS YES, THE WORK OF CAPT. SWASTIKA'S LEGION...



AND WITH YOU TWO OUT OF THE WAY - MY ONLY OBSTACLES TO THE EVENTUAL DESTRUCTION OF YOUR GOVERNMENT ARE REMOVED!

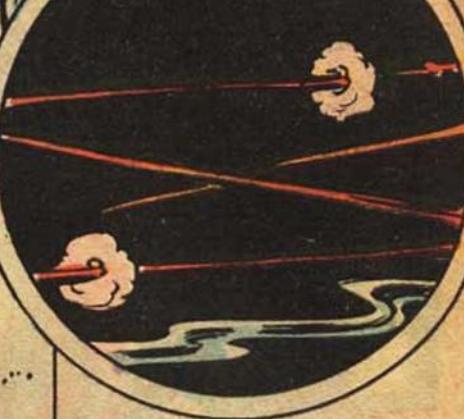
THE HECK THEY ARE... UP WITH YOUR HANDS, EVERYBODY!



SUDDENLY CAPTAIN SWASTIKA LEAPS FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH...

REVOLVERS SPURT AND PIN-
POINTS OF LIGHT STAB THE
DARKNESS...

KEEP AWAY
FROM THAT,
YOU!



AND WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON AGAIN, THE SCENE IS A SHAMBLES - WITH THE CORPSES OF GESTAPO AGENTS STREWN ALL ABOUT...

CAPTAIN SWASTIKA! HE'S GONE!... AND THE HANGMAN, TOO! BUT WE SURE CLEANED UP THE GESTAPO GANG!



AND AT THAT MOMENT...

YOU'RE NOT LOSING ME SO QUICKLY, CAPT SWASTIKA! I SAW YOU DUCK DOWN THAT TRAP DOOR!



SO! THE HANGMAN THINKS HE CAN CATCH ME! I HAVE ANOTHER TRICK UP MY SLEEVE!





THERE GOES
THE CURTAIN
ON ZIP'S
SENSATIONAL
NEW CHARACTER,
STEEL!

YES,
HANGMAN!...
THE ONE THAT
THE BLACK
HOOD'S BEEN
RAVING ABOUT
FOR WEEKS!
BOY, IF HE'S
HALF AS GOOD
AS THEY SAY,
WE'RE IN FOR
A GOOD SHOW!

SENSATIONAL! SPECTACULAR!

THE WHO

YOU ARE IN FOR THE

OKAY,
HOLD
YOUR
BREATH,
BLACK
JACK
HERE IT
COMES!

IT'S HIGH
TIME, HOOD..
BOY, YOU SURE
CAN KEEP A
SECRET! NOW,
I'LL FINALLY
FIND OUT ALL
ABOUT THE
WEB!

WHO IS THE WEB?
WHAT IS THE WEB?
YOU'LL GET THE
ANSWERS IN
JULY ZIP!
DON'T SAY WE
DIDN'T WARN YOU!

"THE WEB" appears in JULY ZIP

NEW! DIFFERENT!!!

WEB IS HE ??

SHOCK OF YOUR LIFE!

ROY'S BEEN
SINGING THIS NEW
CHARACTER'S PRAISES
LONG AND LOUD,
SHIELD!

SO HAS THE
WIZARD AND
THAT GUY HASN'T
STEERED ME WRONG,
YET! WE'RE IN FOR A
GREAT SHOW!

OKAY,
WIZARD,
RING UP THE
CURTAIN AND
LET 'ER
RIP!

WE PREDICT
THAT THE
WEB WILL
TAKE THE
NATION BY
STORM!
A NEW
HIGH IN
COMIC EN-
TERTAIN-
MENT!

THE WEB appears in JULY ZIP

THE

HANGMAN

SPECIAL
CASE
NO. 5

THE CLOCKS STRIKE DEATH! CLEVER, HARMLESS CLOCKS DEVISED BY THE TWISTED BRAIN OF A CRIMINAL GENIUS BENT ON REVENGE AND MURDER.. THIS IS THE CLOCKMAKER OF DEATH!

YES, THE CLOCK STRIKES DEATH .. BUT CAN IT ALSO STRIKE THE SWIFT RETRIBUTION OF THE GALLows FOR THE MAD CLOCKMAKER? OR ARE THE HANGMANS HOURS ALSO NUMBERED? HMM... WE WONDER...



ALL TALES MUST HAVE A BEGINNING. OURS BEGINS TWENTY YEARS AGO - IN THE OFFICE OF A PROMINENT JEWELRY CONCERN WHERE THE PARTNERS HAVE CALLED IN THEIR AMBITIOUS YOUNG CLERK, JOHN SIMMS!... MARK THIS DAY WELL! IT IS A DAY TO BE LONG REMEMBERED...



BUT THEN, JOHN RETURNS TO THE OFFICE AND SEES...



EASY, BUDDY,
WE'RE THE POLICE
WHERE'S THE BOSS?

I'M THE BOSS -
ONE OF THEM, ANYWAY... MY PARTNERS
ARE OUT OF TOWN!

SKIPPED TOWN, EH? OKAY,
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST. THIS
PLACE HAS BEEN SELLING
STOLEN JEWELRY FOR A LONG
TIME -- NOW WE'VE GOT THE
GOODS ON YOU!

WHAT?



A SPEEDY TRIAL - AND A
SPEEDIER CONVICTION DE-
SPITE JOHN'S PROTEST -
ATIONS OF INNOCENCE, THEN

SIMMS, YOU'RE GOING
TO BE HERE FOR A LONG
TIME. THE BETTER YOU
BEHAVE, THE SOONER
YOU GET OUT!

IT IS OUR POLICY TO ALLOW
THE PRISONERS TO LEARN A
TRADE WHILE THEY'RE HERE...
HAVE YOU ANY CHOICE?

JOHN GETS HIS CHOICE. AND
AS THE YEARS PASS, THE
RANKLING BITTERNESS IN
HIS HEART TURNS TO HATRED
AND MAKING CLOCKS BE-
COMES AN OBSESSION...

THE TWENTY YEARS
HAVE WROUGHT A
FEARFUL CHANGE
IN JOHN SIMMS' FACE.
FOR IN IT IS THE LUST
FOR REVENGE - FOR
MURDER!

1942



THEN,
ONE DAY...

YOU'RE FREE
NOW, JOHN SIMMS.
HERE'S A FEW DOLLARS
TO START YOU ON
WHAT I HOPE
WILL BE AN
HONEST
CAREER!

THANKS!

934

1939

35

1932

1925

29

1922

YES... I WANT
TO MAKE
CLOCKS!



FREE... FREE TO DO AS I
PLEASE. FREE TO
CARRY OUT MY
REVENGE!



LOOK, WARDEN...
FOUND THIS CLOCK IN
SIMM'S CELL.. LOOKS
SCREWY TO ME!

RATHER AN INGEN-
IOUS AFFAIR. I HOPE
HE PUTS HIS TRADE
TO GOOD USE!

FATEFUL, PROPHETIC WORDS...
AND IRONIC! FOR JOHN SIMMS
INTENDS TO PUT HIS CRAFT OF
CLOCK-MAKING TO AN UNDREAMED
OF USE. A CLOCK-MAKER
IS BORN! A CLOCK-MAKER
OF DEATH!



ONE NIGHT, MANY WEEKS LATER IN THE HOME OF GEORGE WHITE, ONE OF JOHN SIMMS' PARTNERS 20 YEARS AGO

A PACKAGE FOR YOU, SIR!

PROBABLY ANOTHER BIRTHDAY GIFT... HERE LET ME HAVE IT!

IT'S A CLOCK - AN INGENIOUS ONE, TOO! WHO COULD HAVE SENT IT, I WONDER?

OUT ONE TUNNEL, INTO ANOTHER, LITTLE FIGURINES CHASE EACH OTHER, TICKING OFF THE SECONDS...

HA, HA! CLEVEREST THING I'VE SEEN - NEVER KNOW WHAT'S COMING NEXT.. HERE'S A LITTLE SAVAGE WITH A BLOW GUN!

SUDDENLY, THE SAVAGE FIGURINE IS SWIVELLED AROUND - IT'S BLOW-PIPE POINTED AT WHITE'S THROAT AND-

MR. WHITE!.. WHAT'S HAPPENED?

G-GET DOCTOR - HURRY... OH CHOKING - CAN'T BREATHE!

POLICE! I THINK MY MASTER'S DYING. YES I'VE ALREADY CALLED A DOCTOR!

AND WHEN HE SCREAMED YOU CAME RUNNING IMMEDIATELY!

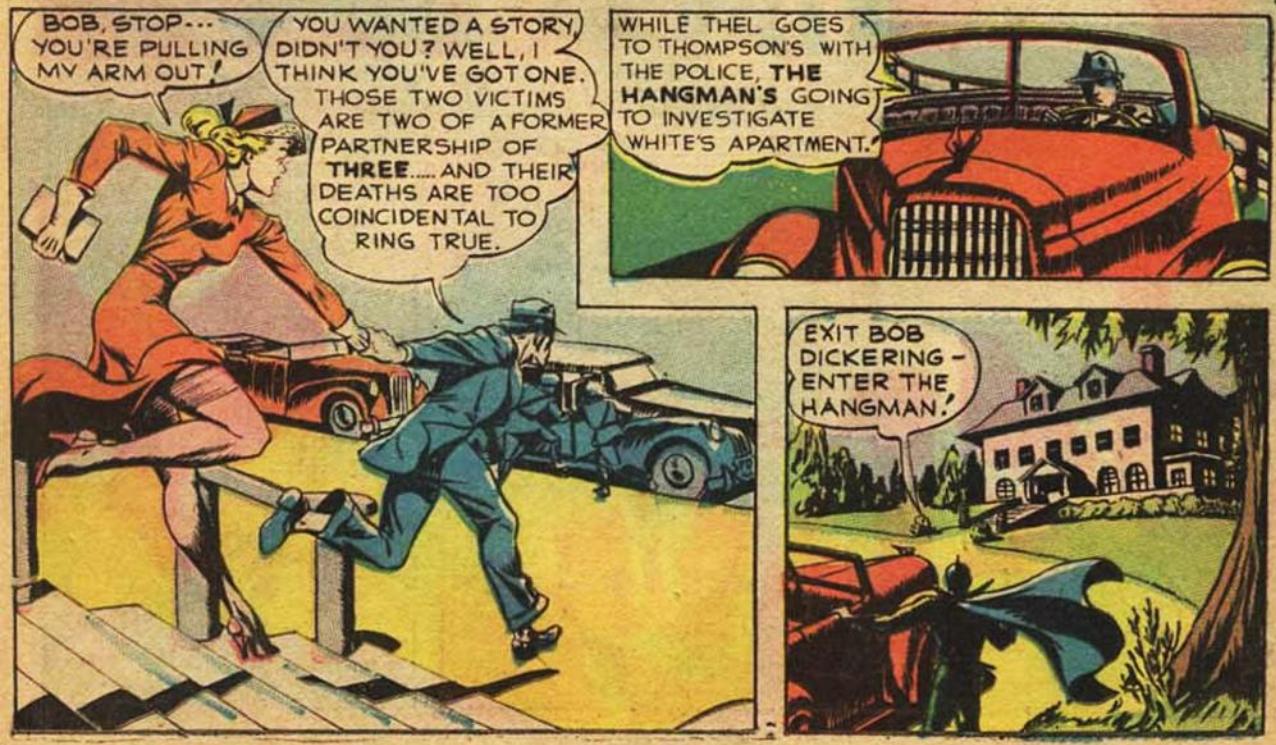
YES, I SUSPECTED FOUL PLAY AT ONCE.. THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU!

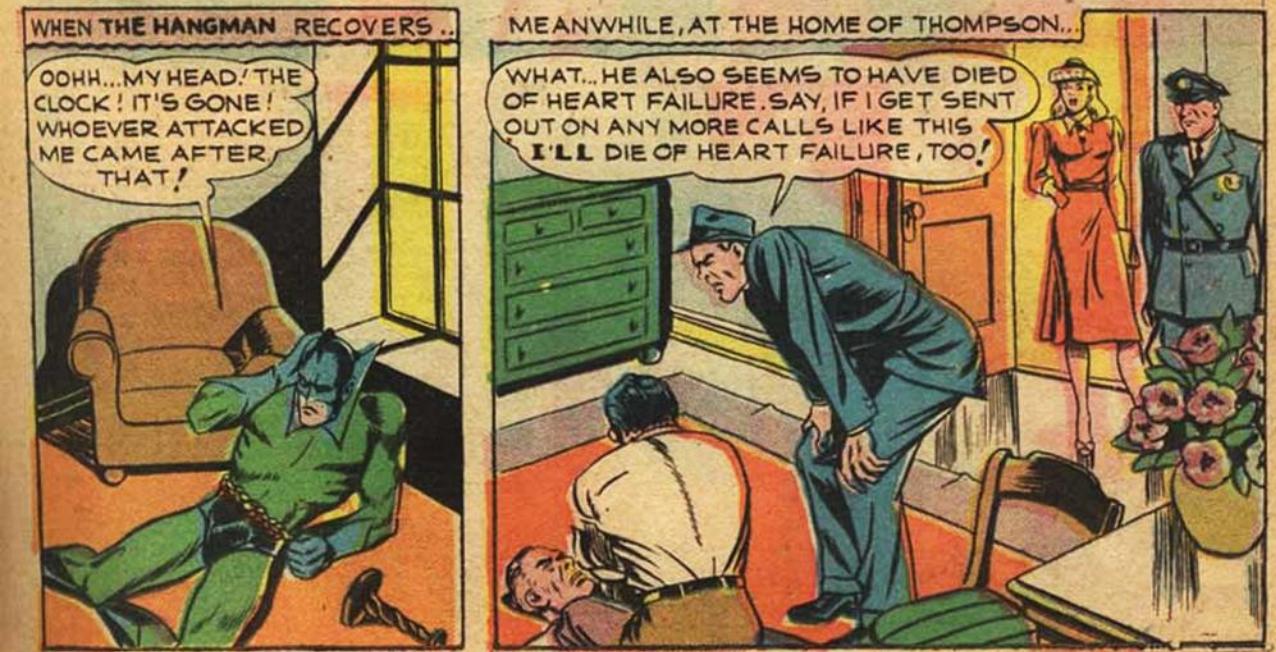
HOW'S IT LOOK, DOC?

HE'S DEAD!

I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING UNUSUAL. IT LOOKS LIKE JUST PLAIN HEART FAILURE TO ME!

OKAY. WE'LL BEAT IT.. THIS IS NONE OF OUR AFFAIR. LET'S GO, REILLY!





JUST THEN, THE DOOR BELL RINGS...

I'M FROM THE JEWELERS. I WAS SENT TO PICK UP A CLOCK MR THOMPSON DIDN'T WANT!

MR. THOMPSON IS DEAD!

DEAD! TOO BAD. HOWEVER, THE CLOCK HAS NOT BEEN PAID FOR - AND I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO TAKE IT BACK!

WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU MIGHT AS WELL!

THIS IS IT!

FUNNY, COMING FOR A CLOCK JUST NOW. THERE'S SOME-
THING ABOUT THAT MAN - I --

MISS GORDON!
THERE'S A PHONE CALL FOR YOU!

THELMA... THIS IS THE HANGMAN... I'M CALLING FROM WHITE'S HOUSE. MY SUSPICIONS WERE RIGHT... HE WAS MURDERED BY A CLOCK!

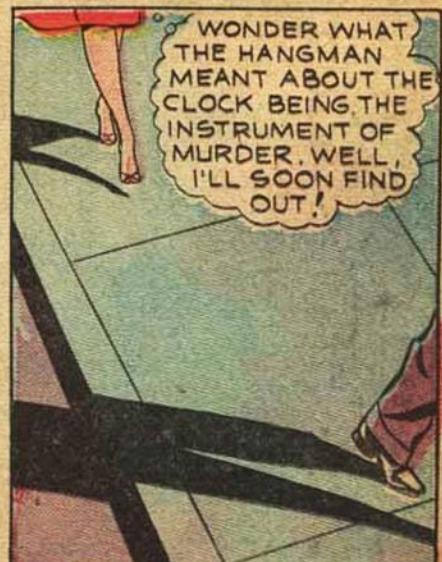
BY A CLOCK! THAT'S A COINCIDENCE. A MAN JUST PICKED UP A CLOCK HERE!

GREAT SCOT... DON'T LET HIM OUT OF YOUR SIGHT, THEL. FOLLOW HIM AT ONCE - THAT MUST BE THE MURDERER! I SUSPECT THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER VICTIM... DINGMAN, THE THIRD' PARTNER!

GOOD GRIEF!
I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE. HE'S HAD QUITE A START ON ME!

OH, THERE HE IS, THANK HEAVENS!... NOW, TO SEE WHERE HE GOES!

WONDER WHAT THE HANGMAN MEANT ABOUT THE CLOCK BEING THE INSTRUMENT OF MURDER. WELL, I'LL SOON FIND OUT!



AT LAST THE CLOCKMAKER ARRIVES AT HIS DESTINATION-A QUAINTE LOOKING BUILDING...



THIS MUST BE HIS HIDEOUT. I WANT TO LOOK AROUND!



GOOD HEAVENS, LOOK AT ALL THOSE CLOCKS.. THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A CLOCKMAKER'S NIGHTMARE!



AS THELMA INVESTIGATES, A CUCKOO SUDDENLY SHOOTS OUT OF ONE OF THE CLOCKS, AND...



UGH...GAS!
MY...MY HEAD'S REELING...HELP.
HEL...OOOOO...



HEH, HEH...

FELL RIGHT INTO MY TRAP,
DIDN'T YOU.. THOUGHT I
DIDN'T KNOW YOU FOLLOWED ME!



WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE HOME OF DINGMAN...



BRRING-

WHAT WAS THAT-
DAVIS?

ONLY THE DOOR BELL, SIR-
I'LL ANSWER IT!



(GULP)
WHAT IS IT
ANYWAY,
DAVIS?

A CLOCK, MASTER...THE
BOY HAD ORDERS TO
DELIVER IT HERE!

A CLOCK? NOW
WHO COULD HAVE
SENT ME THAT?
HMM...A BEAUTY,
TOO!

LET'S SEE...THIS
KEY SHOULD WIND
THE THING UP!

STOP!.. DON'T WIND
THAT CLOCK IF YOU
VALUE YOUR LIFE!

HERE, I'LL
WIND IT FOR
YOU AND SHOW
YOU WHY!

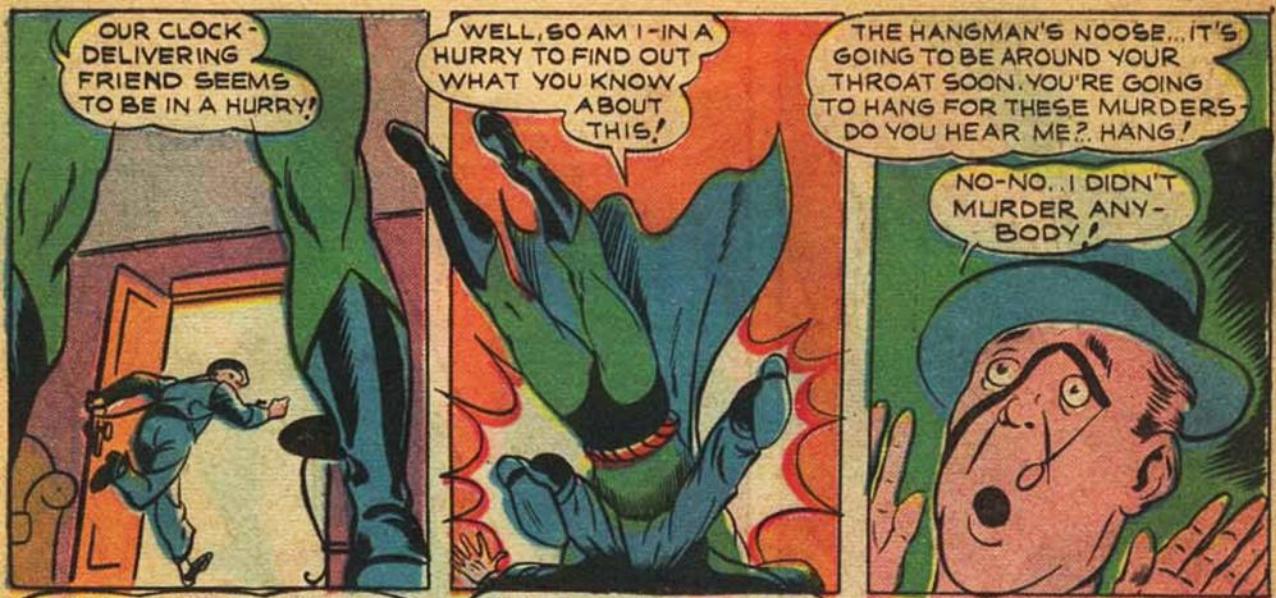
AS THE HANGMAN
WINDS THE CLOCK,
THERE IS A SOFT
WHIRRING OF INTRI-
CATE MACHINERY
IN MOTION...

NOW STAND BACK
AND WE'LL SEE WHAT
HAPPENS!

THERE IS A SHARP
REPORT AND A
BULLET SPURTS FROM
A HOLE IN THE FACE
OF THE CLOCK.

WHO SENT YOU
THAT CLOCK?

...(GULP)...DON'T KNOW...
THAT BOY JUST BROUGHT
IT HERE!



TIME... TIME IS
MY WEAPON OF
DEATH... A VERY
INGENIOUS
WEAPON -
IS IT NOT?

THEY PUT ME IN A PRISON...
TRIED TO KILL ME WITH
TIME - BUT I TURNED THE
TABLES ... I... WH... WHA...
THE HANGMAN!

YES - THE
HANGMAN -
YOU'VE HAD
YOUR HOUR,
MURDERER!

NOW, THE
HANGMAN
SHALL HAVE
HIS!

THERE IS ONE HOUR YOU
OVERLOOKED - THE HOUR
OF RETRIBUTION. THE LAST
HOUR ON EARTH BEFORE
YOU WALK TO THE
GALLOWS!

LOOK... THE GIRL -
THE SANDS WILL
SOON SUFFOCATE
HER!

GOOD
LORD! HE'S
RIGHT!

I'VE GOT TO
BREAK IT OPEN...
GET HER OUT...
BUT HOW?...
THIS CLOCK...
IT HAS
CHIMES!

DING
DONG
DING

THE HANGMAN
REACHES INTO THE
CLOCK - RIPS OFF
ONE OF THE BRASS
CHIMES...

CRASH



EASY, THELMA.
I'LL HAVE YOU
OUT OF HERE
IN A MINUTE!

I'M ALL
RIGHT, NOW,
HANGMAN...
BUT LOOK-
THE CLOCK-
MAKER! HE'S
ESCAPING!

I'M GOING
AFTER HIM -
YOU STAY
RIGHT
HERE!

THE ROOF...
IF I CAN GET
THERE FIRST
HE'LL NEVER
CATCH ME!

DESPERATION
LENTS WINGS TO
THE CLOCK MAKER'S
HEELS AND HE
ARRIVES AT
THE ROOF
FIRST...

AND QUICKLY BOLTS THE
DOOR FROM THE OUT-
SIDE...

SWIFTLY, THE HANGMAN SCURRIES DOWN
AGAIN AND EMERGES THROUGH A WINDOW
AS THE CLOCKMAKER CLIMBS TOWARD
THE OPPOSITE
ROOF...

AND SLIPS...

FRANTICALLY,
HE REACHES
OUT - AND
GRASPS AT
THE HOUR
HAND ON
THE GREAT
CLOCK...

AEEEEE

WHAT A SPOT... HE'S
CORNERED ON THE
HOUR HAND, BUT
I CAN'T GET TO
HIM, UNLESS...
HMM... IT'S RISKY,
BUT I'LL HAVE
TO CHANCE
IT!



HANGING ONTO THE MINUTE HAND, THE HANGMAN IS SLOWLY DRAWN TOWARD THE CLOCK-MAKER...

WHO LASHES OUT FURIOUSLY IN AN EFFORT TO DISLODGE HIM...

...AND SUCCEEDS, BUT ALSO LOSES HIS OWN GRIP IN THE PROCESS, AND...



DEFTLY, THE HANGMAN GRABS THE LEDGE -- HANGS ON DESPERATELY...

LATER, WHEN THE HANGMAN DESCENDS...

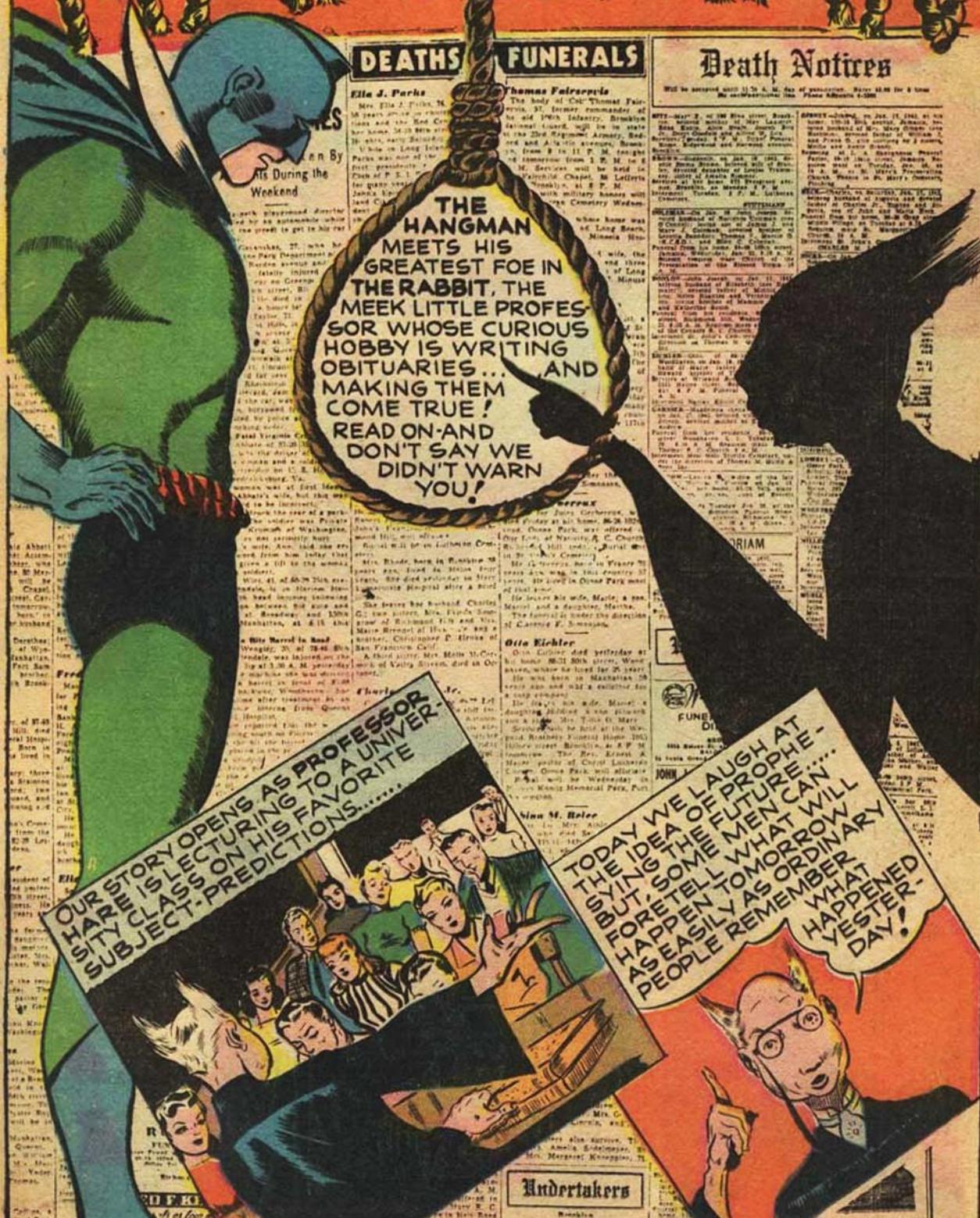
HANGMAN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES, THELMA - I'M OKAY...



THE HANGMAN

King +
Woolfolk



DEATHS **FUNERALS**

Ella J. Parks

Ella J. Parks **Thomas Fairbanks**
The author of "Gone With the Wind"

en By
is During the
Weekend

THE HANGMAN MEETS HIS GREATEST FOE IN THE RABBIT, THE MEEK LITTLE PROFES- SOR WHOSE CURIOUS HOBBY IS WRITING OBITUARIES... AND MAKING THEM COME TRUE! READ ON AND DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU!

OUR STORY OPENS AS PROFESSOR HARE IS LECTURING TO A UNIVERSITY CLASS ON HIS FAVORITE SUBJECT - PREDICTIONS.....

Undertak.org

MAY I ASK A QUESTION,
PROFESSOR HARE? IF IT'S
POSSIBLE, AS YOU SAY, TO
TELL WHAT'S GOING
TO HAPPEN TO-
MORROW...

...THEN WHY DON'T
YOU TELL US WHO'S
GOING TO WIN THE BIG
GAME WITH TECH...IT'LL
SAVE THE TEAM THAT'S
GOING TO LOSE THE
TROUBLE OF PLAY-
ING!

I BET THAT'LL STUMP
OLD RABBIT HEAD...
WATCH THIS, MARY!

PROFESSOR, LOOK!
YOU'RE CAST-
ING A SHAD-
OW.. HA,
HA, HA!

IT
LOOKS
JUST
LIKE A
RABBIT, HA.
HA

SHH, PLEASE! DON'T
MAKE SO MUCH NOISE!
DEAN GRAY'S OFFICE IS
JUST DOWN THE HALL!

PROFESSOR
HARE, MAY I SPEAK
TO YOU ALONE A
MOMENT?

ER...YES
INDEED,
DEAN GRAY!

THE DEAN LOOKS
PLENTY MAD, BILLY...I'LL
BET HE GIVES OLD
RABBIT-HEAD THE
DICKENS!

...AND REMEMBER, HARE,
THE NEXT SUCH OUT-
BURST IN YOUR
CLASSES WILL
BE THE
LAST!

I UNDER-
STAND,
SIR!

INCIDENTALLY, SEVERAL OF YOUR OLD STUDENTS WILL BE AT THE ALUMNI MEETING TONIGHT.... I'LL EXPECT YOU AT EIGHT O'CLOCK SHARP!

YES, SIR!

BOB DICKERING IN HIS ROOMS READS AN INVITATION TO THE ALUMNI MEETING...

TENTH REUNION... IT DOESN'T SEEM THAT LONG SINCE I LEFT COLLEGE!

I WONDER IF PROFESSOR HARE IS STILL THERE.... THE WAY WE USED TO LAUGH AT HIS CRAZY PREDICTIONS!



IT MIGHT BE FUN TO SEE SOME OF THE OLD GANG!.... I THINK I'LL DROP IN ON THAT MEETING!

THAT NIGHT...

PROFESSOR HARE IS READING LATE IN HIS LIBRARY...



NOSTRADAMUS... WHAT AMAZING INSIGHT INTO THE FUTURE HE HAD!

GOODNESS! EIGHT O'CLOCK- I'LL BE LATE FOR THE ALUMNI MEETING!



AT THE ALUMNI MEETING DEAN GRAY IS IMPATIENTLY AWAITING PROFESSOR HARE'S ARRIVAL...

HALF PAST EIGHT! HARE'S HALF AN HOUR LATE ALREADY!



THIS WAY, PROF. HARE! THE OTHERS ARE WAITING FOR YOU!

OH DEAR, I HOPE DEAN GRAY ISN'T TOO ANGRY WITH ME!

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, HARE. SIT DOWN HERE AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE!

ME? ARE YOU SURE YOU MEAN ME?

GIVE US TO THE GUEST OF HONOR, MY OLD MARCUS! PROFESSOR, ERNEST HARE AND HIS PREDICTIONS.. DRINK UP, GENTLEMEN!

OH DEAR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!

HARE CERTAINLY HAD THINGS FIGURED OUT RIGHT FOR ME.... ONCE HE CAUGHT ME SMOKING IN CLASS, AND HE SAID TOBACCO WOULD BE MY RUIN!

AND I'VE MADE MY FORTUNE THROUGH THE MANUFACTURE OF TOBACCO - SOME PREDICTION, EH, HARE?

THAT'S WHY THEY BROUGHT ME HERE.. TO MAKE FUN OF ME!

THAT'S A GOOD ONE. HA.HA!

I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS GOING TO BE LIKE THIS, OR I WOULDN'T HAVE COME. HARE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ENJOYING IT EITHER!



I TOO, WANT TO THANK PROFESSOR HARE FOR HIS PREDICTION ABOUT ME...

SPEAK UP, DEVERE!

HE SAID THAT MY HIGH-STRUNG, ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT WOULD BE THE DEATH OF ME—INSTEAD IT HAS MADE ME A FAMOUS ARTIST!

I CAN'T STAND THIS! THEY SHOULDN'T MAKE FUN OF ME! WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE STOP THEM?

HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT ONE, HARE?

HARE! HARE!... HAVE YOU GONE MAD?

LAUGH, LAUGH, IF YOU WANT TO!... SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME, MEN HAVE ALWAYS LAUGHED AT THINGS THEY DID NOT UNDERSTAND! WAIT AND SEE - MY PREDICTIONS ABOUT MARCUS AND DEVERE WILL YET COME TRUE!

THAT'S ENOUGH! THIS TIME YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR!.... I WARNED YOU, HARE!

GET OUT! AND DON'T BOTHER TO COME BACK! YOU'RE FIRED!

IN SULLEN, UNNATURAL SILENCE HARE LEAVES...

BOB DICKERING WATCHES FROM A DOORWAY...

POOR FELLOW! HE DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM! HE'S GOING TO NEED SOMEONE TO CHEER HIM UP.. AND I GUESS I'M ELECTED!

IN HIS ROOMS, A DIFFERENT ERNEST HARE, GRIM, RESOLVED, GOES ON WITH HIS PACKING...

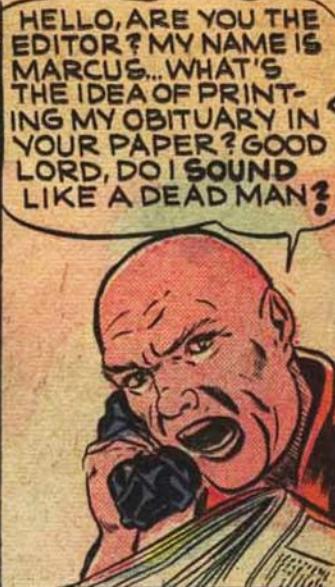
LAUGH, WILL THEY?
I'LL SHOW THEM WHO HAS THE LAST LAUGH!



MY EXPERIMENTS... THE WORK OF A LIFE-TIME! THERE'LL BE NO TIME FOR THEM FROM NOW ON! FROM THIS NIGHT FORWARD... ERNEST HARE IS DEAD!



A FEW DAYS LATER
IN THE APARTMENT
OF MARCUS, THE
TOBACCO MANU-
FACTURER...



EVEN AS HE SPEAKS,
MARCUS FALTERS, HIS
VOICE BECOMES A
WHISPER—AND THEN....



BOB DICKERING
READS THE ACCOUNT
OF MARCUS'
STRANGE DEATH...



AT THELMA'S NEWSPAPER
OFFICE...
THELMA, CAN I HAVE
A LOOK AT YOUR LATEST
BATCH OF OBITUARIES?



CERTAINLY, BOB... WHAT'S
THE MATTER? EXPECTING
SOME RICH UNCLE TO DIE
AND LEAVE YOU A
MILLION DOLLARS?



THAT ONE CAME IN
THIS MORNING. A
FUNNY
LITTLE
MAN
ASKED
TO
HAVE
IT PUT
IN TOMOR-
ROW'S
PAPER!



THELMA, LISTEN TO THIS....
"HENRY DEVERE, ARTIST,
DIED SUDDENLY..." I'LL
BET DEVERE'S NO MORE
DEAD THAN I AM!"

HELLO, IS THAT YOU,
DEVERE?.. I THOUGHT
SO! NOW, LISTEN CARE-
FULLY... DON'T GO OUT
OF YOUR ROOMS! DON'T
SEE ANYONE UNTIL I
GET
THERE!

WHAT'S THAT...
YOU SAY? SOME-
ONE'S TRYING
TO MURDER
ME! I CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!

ALL RIGHT, BOB,
IF YOU SAY SO! I'LL
WAIT UNTIL YOU
COME!

BOB DICKERING
ISN'T THE EXCIT-
ABLE SORT..... I
WONDER... WHY
SHOULD ANY-
ONE WANT
TO KILL
ME?

THIS WAITING'S BE-
GGINING TO GET ON
MY NERVES. I'LL HAVE
TO GET HOLD OF MY-
SELF... I'D BETTER DO
SOME PAINTING!

DEVERE THROWS BACK
THE DRAPE FROM HIS
EASEL AND...

A DEATH'S
HEAD!.....
GOOD
HEAVENS!
THE MURDERER
MUST BE HERE,
IN THIS HOUSE!

ROGER!
COME HERE
AT ONCE!



ROGER, LOCK ALL THE
DOORS AND WINDOWS!
HURRY, MAN, DON'T
STAND THERE
GAPING AT
ME!

SOME MINUTES LATER...

WHERE COULD THAT
SERVANT OF MINE HAVE
GONE? HE SHOULD BE
BACK BY NOW... I'D
BETTER
LOOK FOR
HIM!



HELLO, POLICE, MY
SERVANT'S BEEN
MURDERED!...I...

THIS ISN'T THE POLICE,
DEVERE! IT'S YOUR
OLD FRIEND, THE RAB-
BIT! REMEMBER ???
HA-HA-HA-WHO'S
LAUGHING NOW?



I'VE GOT TO
GET BACK TO
MY ROOM -
I'LL BE
SAFE
THERE!



AS HE REACHES THE HEAD
OF THE STAIRS, DEVERE
TURNS...

NO!
IT CAN'T.
BE! DON'T
COME
NEAR ME,
DON'T!



HE STUMBLIES...
LOSES HIS
BALANCE
AND...



AND THEN...

THE HANGMAN!

HIS NECK'S BROKEN! SO I WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL.... THAT NERVOUS TEMPERAMENT OF YOURS DID PROVE FATAL, DEVERE!

YOU TOOK THAT STEP I WARNED YOU ABOUT, HARE, AND NOW IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK!

BEFORE THE HANGMAN CAN REACH HIM HARE FLEES...

YOU WON'T GET FAR!



BUT HARE MEETS THE ON-RUSHING HANGMAN WITH A VICTIOUS KICK....

AND ESCAPES.

WITH THE HANGMAN HOT IN PURSUIT...



FLEET AS HIS NAMESAKE,
THE RABBIT, THE PROFESS-
OR OUT-DISTANCES HIS
PURSUER...



THE CHASE LEADS THROUGH
UNIVERSITY GROUNDS...



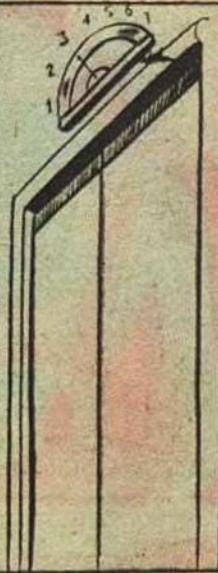
THERE HE
GOES! I'VE
GOT HIM COR-
NERED THIS
TIME!



AS THE HANGMAN
ENTERS, THE ELEVAT-
OR DOORS CLOSE.....



THE
INDICATOR'S
STOPPED. HE
MUST HAVE
GOTTEN
OUT ON
THAT
FLOOR!



THE HANGMAN SEES A
LIGHT BURNING IN A CLASS-
ROOM, BURSTS IN AND...



YOU HAVEN'T
GOT ME YET..NOT
WHILE I STILL
HAVE...



CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO THE HANGMAN AND HE DISCOVERS THAT HE IS BOUND SECURELY TO A CHAIR IN THE CLASSROOM...



THIS IS MY PREDICTION FOR YOU, HANGMAN! A SHORT LIFE WITH A SUDDEN AND VIOLENT DEATH!

THE HANGMAN FRANTICALLY TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF.

WORKING HIS BONDS AGAINST THE IRON SUPPORTS OF THE CHAIR..... SLOWLY, SLOWLY, THE THICK ROPE FRAYS.... UNRAVELS....



AND NOW, HANGMAN, WE SHALL MAKE MY PREDICTION COME TRUE!



I'M COMING AFTER YOU, HARE!



YOU'VE
MADE YOUR LAST
PREDICTION!

THE HANGMAN
DRIVES THE
GUN FROM
HARE'S HAND
WITH A SHAT-
TERING BLOW..

A POLICEMAN SEES THE
STRUGGLING FIGURES IN
A WINDOW...

THIS IS IT, HARE!

THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE!
THE POLICE... SEE PROFESSOR
MY PREDICTION IS COMING
TRUE ALREADY!

AND NOW I'VE GOT
A PREDICTION FOR
YOU, HARE. YOU'VE
COME TO THE END OF
YOUR ROPE. NOW
THERE'S ANOTHER
KIND OF ROPE WAIT-
ING FOR YOU....

LET THIS BE A WARNING
TO YOU, LAW-BREAKERS!
THE RABBIT WAS NOT A
CRIMINAL IN THE REAL
SENSE OF THE WORD-BUT
WHEN HE DECIDED TO
TAKE THE LAW INTO HIS
OWN HANDS-HE COULDN'T
ESCAPE THE HANGMAN!



LIVE BY THE GUN AND DIE BY—THE HANGMAN

Later, in his dim lighted rooms, Bob Dickering changed before the mirror. Changed to the costume of The Hangman!

Those two men who called on Langley had been carrying shoulder holsters and Langley was obviously worried about their threat to play "records."

As The Hangman, dreaded arch-foe of crime, Bob Dickering intended to find the answer to the secret!

He found Langley alone in his study. From the window he saw Langley staring at a gun before he lifted it to his temple.

"Don't pull the trigger!" a sharp voice commanded him.

Langley looked up, startled. In the room there now stood a mysterious figure, a powerfully built man, with a black cape around his shoulders, his face hidden by a hood through which his eyes gleamed intently.

"Who—who are you?" Langley demanded.

The mysterious man spoke in a harsh and challenging tone, "Men call me The Hangman!" He moved closer to Langley, bent over and fixed him with his gleaming eyes. "This evening two men called, and threat-

BOB DICKERING and his friend, Langley, were talking quietly together when the two men came in. "Well, Langley?" asked the taller of the two men. "We gave you until tonight. Have ya got it for us?"

"Why . . . er . . . not tonight. I'll have it for you in the morning." Langley seemed nervous. He was pale and beads of sweat glistened on his forehead.

The tall man looked Langley over with a long, cold stare. "You better have it," he said. "If you don't, we're going to play a couple of records. Understand?"

When the two men had gone, Bob Dickering turned to his friend. "Who were those boorish fellows, Langley?" he asked with pretended unconcern. "Friends of yours?"

Langley did not answer for a moment. Then he looked up with a start. "No," he said. "No, I wouldn't call them friends."

ened you. Is that why you were going to kill yourself?"

Langley stared. "Yes. They were blackmailing me. But I've no more money to pay them. And if they play those records—the scandal will ruin me!"

"Tell me about the records," The Hangman commanded.

Langley obeyed. There was no resisting the dominating will of The Hangman.

Langley told how once, at a party, a man named Salko, a hypnotist, performed for them. Later, Salko offered to give any of them a private demonstration of his powers, at his own studio. Langley accepted.

He had thought the experiment would be interesting. It was more than that.

When Salko awakened Langley from his trance, he played a record for him. The record was of Langley's own voice, telling about an escapade of his youth, a harmless adventure that would prove disastrous now to a man in Langley's position.

Salko demanded money, threatening to send the record to the newspapers if he was not paid.

Langley buried his head on his arms. "But I can't pay anymore! There's no way out for me . . . I'm ruined!"

He heard no answer. At last he looked up. The mysterious caped figure had vanished. The Hangman had disappeared into the shadows of the night.

A short time later, in the studios of Salko, the hypnotist, three men were in conference.

Salko, dressed in a long flowing green robe, and ornamented headdress, was giving further orders to his two henchmen.

Suddenly a shadow fell across their faces. It was the shadow of the gallows—the calling card of that scourge of criminals, The Hangman! "I know your blackmail scheme, Salko," said The Hangman. "It was a clever idea—but it won't work anymore! Give me those records!"

Salko's hand dipped beneath his green robe and came out with a gun.

Like a cat, The Hangman ducked and came up under the shot. His fist crashed to Salko's jaw. The hypnotist slammed back into the wall, his gun falling from nerveless fingers.

The Hangman bent and hit the first gangster with a body block just below the knees. The gangster went up and over his back and landed on the floor with a jarring thump.

The other gangster was clawing at his gun when The Hangman hit him. He gave a low moan, and dropped like a plummet.

"Had enough?" The Hangman asked.

Salko's answer was a quick grab for the gun he had dropped. He was too late. The Hangman's foot came down on his wrist with bone-shattering impact. Salko groaned, and fainted.

One of the gangsters crawled back to his knees. All the fight was gone out of him. He gasped weakly as The Hangman pulled him erect.

"D-don't hit me again," he pleaded. "I'll talk. I'll tell everything!"

The Hangman's voice was stern. "After you tell me where to find those records, you'll do your talking to the police!"

Later, Bob Dickering and Langley were sitting together in his study. "I got the record back in the mail this morning," Langley said. "I owe everything to The Hangman. If there was only some way I could show my gratitude."

Bob Dickering said, "Whoever he is, The Hangman sounds like a very interesting fellow."

"He's wonderful! I just hope you'll have the pleasure of meeting him someday!"

Langley never did understand why Bob Dickering's only answer to this was an amused smile.

ROY & DUSTY
THE SUPER-BOY. THE AMAZING BOY DETECTIVE

BOY BUDDIES

SPECIAL
CASE
NO.3

COME BACK,
YOU YOUNG
RASCAL!

NOT A CHANCE,
WIZARD!.. NO DICE
ON THAT PROPOS-
ITION!

NOTHING
DOING, I TELL
YOU, SHIELD!
I WON'T GO!

HELLO, WIZARD!..
HOW DID YOU
MAKE OUT
WITH ROY?
I CAN'T DO
A THING
WITH
DUSTY!

SAME HERE! THOSE
TWO BANTAMS CER-
TAINLY HAVE IDEAS
OF THEIR
OWN!

TALK ABOUT DOUBLE TROUBLE.. THOSE
YOUNG RASCALS ARE AT IT AGAIN.....
THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THE SHIELD
AND THE WIZARD THINK THAT DUSTY
AND ROY GIVE THEM MORE TROUBLE
THAN THEY DO THE UNDERWORLD -
AND THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES...

by
PAUL REINHOLD
BILL WOOLFOLK

LATER, WHILE WALKING THROUGH THE STREETS, ROY SEES...



R
U
G
S

AND WHEN THIS MARTIN GUY OFFERED ME TEN DOLLARS TO CARRY A SIMPLE MESSAGE FOR HIM-I GRABBED IT AND DIDN'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS!

HMM.. YOU LOOK LIKE A NICE, HONEST BOY, AT THAT... I TELL YOU WHAT... JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW SORRY I AM, I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB!

WELL, THAT'S ONE GOOD DEED FOR TODAY.. I FEEL LIKE A BOY SCOUT!

ME TOO... SO LONG, AND GOOD LUCK!





DUSTY! ROY! YOU'RE MY FRIENDS! BELIEVE ME, I DIDN'T DO IT... IT WAS SMILEY JOE!

WHAT SAY, DUSTY? HOW ABOUT SOME PRIVATE SLEUTHING?

RIGHT! YOU TAKE CARE OF THE COP GUARDING THE DOOR, AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME!

HERE GOES—AND I HOPE HE'S GOT CORNS!



IT IS... WITH THE INITIALS—
“J.M.”—JOE MARTIN—I GUESS
TOMMY WAS TELLING THE
TRUTH, AFTER ALL. NOW,
ROY AND I'LL PAY A VISIT TO
SMILEY!

OUTSIDE SMILEY'S HOME, ONE
OF HIS THUGS, POSTED AS
LOOKOUT, SUDDENLY SEES A
BLUR OF TWIN FIGURES, AND
THEN SEES NO MORE...



THAT'S THAT...
AND NOW, LET'S
PAY OUR RESPECTS
TO SMILEY!

WHAT IN...
LOOK
WHAT'S
COMIN'
SMILEY!
HIYA, SMILEY.. WE
WERE OUT SLUM-
MING SO WE
THOUGHT WE'D
DROP IN ON YOU!

LOOK, SMILEY, YOU KILLED
THAT GROCER. THIS CUFF-
LINK OF YOURS I FOUND
ON THE SCENE OF THE
CRIME PROVES IT!

PRETTY DUMB,
I'D SAY, TO WALK
IN HERE LIKE
THIS... I GOT
THIS ONE,
SMILEY!

AND I'LL
HANDLE
HIM!

BUT ALL THE
THUGS HAVE
SUCCEEDED IN
DOING IS
SETTING
THE FUSE
TO TWIN
BOMB-
SHELLS...

ROY... BEHIND
YOU... SMILEY'S
TRYING TO
GET AWAY!

THAT'S
TOO
BAD ...

...FOR
SMILEY!

NOW, LET'S SEE... THIS
LOOKS LIKE A DESK IN
WHICH WE MIGHT FIND
ALL KINDS OF INTEREST-
ING INFORMATION...



LISTEN, FELLAS, THIS TIME
WE'VE REALLY GOT HOLD OF
AN IDEA - AN IDEA THAT ALL
OF YOU CAN JOIN IN! I'M
NOT GOING TO TELL YOU
WHAT IT IS - JUST READ
THE STORY AND FIND
OUT!

SPECIAL
CASE
No. 4



ROY and DUSTY

THE
SUPER-BOY.

THE AMAZING
BOY DETECTIVE

Buddies

YOU TELL 'EM,
DUSTY! THIS IDEA IS
SO BIG WE'RE GOING
TO NEED ALL THE HELP
WE CAN GET! I'LL BET
OUR FRIENDS ARE GO-
ING TO COME THROUGH
FOR US, TOO!

SINCE UNCLE SAM GOT INTO
THIS BIG SCRAP, ROY AND
DUSTY HAVE BEEN ACHING
TO GET INTO ACTION! SO
FAR THE BEST THEY COULD
DO IS GET THEMSELVES
ENROLLED AS CADETS
IN A MILITARY SCHOOL.
THAT'S WHERE WE
FIND THEM AS THE
STORY BEGINS...



by BILL WOOLFOLK &
PAUL REINHOLD

"TEN-SHUN!
EYES RIGHT!"



PLATOONS -
FORWARD
MARCH!



ONE-TWO,
ONE-TWO -
LET'S GET
SOME SNAP
IN IT!



ALL RIGHT,
YOU CAN STOP TRY-
ING TO ACT LIKE SOL-
DIERS NOW! BREAK
RANKS!



WHEW! THAT
WAS SOME
WORKOUT!

I'LL
SAY!



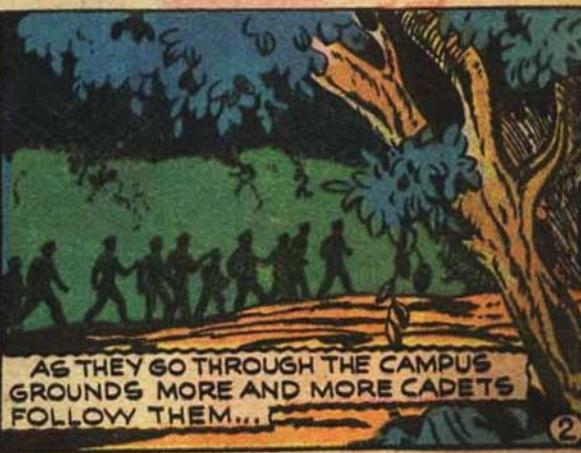
ROY TAKES A FEW OF
THEIR FRIENDS ASIDE...



IT'S
RIGHT
OVER
THIS
WAY!



LOOK BEHIND YOU!
WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE A CROWD
WATCHING
US!



AS THEY GO THROUGH THE CAMPUS
GROUNDS MORE AND MORE CADETS
FOLLOW THEM...

WHEN THEY REACH AN OLD
SECLUDED BARN ROY AND
DUSTY THROW BACK THE
DOORS...







OUR COUNTRY NEEDS PILOTS
RIGHT NOW - AND FOR A LONG
TIME TO COME - RIGHT? THAT'S
WHERE WE YOUNG FELLOWS
COME IN!

THERE ISN'T
ANY WAY
FOR US TO
LEARN
ABOUT
PLANES!

EXCEPT
TO WAIT
UNTIL
WE GROW
UP!

IT'D BE A KEEN
IDEA IF, SAY, THE
ARMY COULD
TRAIN US,
RIGHT
NOW!

SURE! WE'D
BE THE
FUTURE FLY-
ING CADETS
OF AMERICA!

I'M SORRY...BUT
WE'RE HAVING ALL WE
CAN DO RIGHT NOW TO
TRAIN ENOUGH MEN!

I APPRECIATE YOUR
MOTIVES, BUT - WELL -
FRANKLY YOUR IDEA
IS A LITTLE FAR-
FETCHED!

DAD, THERE'S
SOMETHING I'VE
JUST GOT
TO TELL
YOU... I...
I...

WELL,
WHAT
IS IT?

NEVER
MIND...I'VE
FORGOTTEN!

I COULDN'T TELL
HIM... I'D BREAK
HIS HEART!
I'M JUST A
COWARD!

I CAN'T GO UP TOMORROW...
I CAN'T SOLO!.. THERE IS
ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF
THIS MESS FOR ME!

THE SPEEDING CAR PICKS UP ROY AND
DUSTY IN ITS HEADLIGHTS, AS THEY ARE
TRUDGING ALONG THE ROAD...



SWIMMING LIKE EELS,
THE BOY BUDDIES
REACH THE IM-
PRISONED
AVIATOR...

FORMING A HUMAN
CHAIN, THEY PULL HIM
BACK TO THE SURFACE.



SAY, DUSTY,
ISN'T THIS
MAJOR NEIL-
SON'S SON?

YEAH, AND HE
LOOKS MORE
DEAD THAN
ALIVE!



HE'S COMING TO... MISTER,
YOU JUST MISSED HAVING A
NASTY ACCIDENT!



BUT YOU DON'T UNDER-
STAND... IT WASN'T AN
ACCIDENT! I WANTED
TO DIE!



I'M SUPPOSED TO SOLO TO-
MORROW, AND I CAN'T DO IT!..
I'M AFRAID! IT WAS BAD
ENOUGH WHEN THERE WAS
AN INSTRUCTOR WITH ME, BUT
IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME TO FACE
ALONE. I COULDN'T BEAR THE
THOUGHT OF DISGRACING FATHER!

MISTER, YOU NEED
SOMEBODY TO TAKE YOU
IN HAND! WE'VE GOT JUST
THE THING FOR YOU TO
GET OVER YOUR FEAR
OF FLYING!



YOU'VE GOT A HIKE
AHEAD OF YOU, MISTER!
WE'RE TAKING YOU BACK
TO THE CAMPUS AND LET
YOU TRY YOUR
WINGS ON OUR
PLANE!



NEXT MORNING...

NOT MUCH FURTHER TO GO! I JUST HOPE THE FELLAS HAVE GOT OUR PLANE BACK IN SHAPE!



I WON'T DO IT. I TELL YOU! I CAN'T.

THE HECK YOU CAN'T.



...YOU WERE GOING TO COMMIT SUICIDE ANYWAY, WEREN'T YOU? WELL, OUR PLANE'S AS GOOD A WAY TO DO IT AS ANY!... SO HOP IN!

HA HA... THAT'S A FUNNY WAY OF PUTTING IT... BUT I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!



BOY, THE GANG SURE DID A QUICK JOB OF SHAPING UP THIS CRATE

YEAH... AND IF THEY DIDN'T, WHAT I TOLD THAT PILOT MAY BE TRUER THAN I THOUGHT.



OKAY, ROY! CONTACT!



NOW COME ON, TAKE THE CONTROLS OR DO I HAVE TO SOCK YOU ONE?



THERE THEY GO! GOOD LUCK, DUSTY, AND WHEN YOU COME DOWN, BRING BACK A FLYER WITH YOU!



HIGHER, HIGHER THE LITTLE PLANE MOUNTS...



COME ON, MISTER, SHOW ME A LITTLE FANCY STUFF!



MISTER, YOU'RE A REAL FLYER!
ANYBODY WHO CAN MAKE THIS
OL' CRATE STAND ON
END CAN FLY ANY-
THING FOR
MY MONEY

SMOOTHLY THE PLANE TURNS
INTO THE WIND AND COASTS
TO A PERFECT
LANDING...

I DID IT! I FLEW IT
MYSELF!... BOY, I FEEL
LIKE I COULD LICK THE
WORLD NOW!

I CAN'T EVER THANK YOU
FELLOWS ENOUGH.. BUT IF
THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO
TO SHOW MY GRATITUDE
JUST NAME IT!

THERE IS SOMETHING
YOU CAN DO! YOU CAN
PUT THE PRESSURE ON
YOUR DAD FOR AN
IDEA WE'RE TRYING
TO SELL HIM!

NEXT DAY...
AFTER I GET
THROUGH WITH THIS SOLO,
DAD, I WANT TO TALK TO
YOU AGAIN ABOUT THE
JUNIOR FLYING CADETS!

SON,
YOU'RE JUST
WASTING
YOUR TIME!
I WOULDN'T
EVEN CONSIDER
THE IDEA. IMAGINE
TRYING TO TEACH
YOUNGSTERS
ABOUT PLANES
HA!

THERE'S YOUR
PLANE! HOP IN, AND
LET'S SEE WHAT
YOU CAN DO!

GOOD
LUCK,
SON!



IN A STEEP ASCENDING DIVE, THE RYAN TRAINING PLANE ROARS SKYWARD...



THE MOTOR COUGHS AND SPUTTERS... THE PLANE DIVES OUT OF CONTROL...



I'M SORRY, SIR!
HE REFUSES
TO LEAVE
HIS PLANE!



I COMMAND YOU TO BAIL OUT, SON.... PLEASE SAVE YOURSELF!



WAIT A MINUTE!
YOU CAN'T GO IN
THERE!



ROY IS BLOCKED OFF BY
TWO MECHANICS...



GOTCHA!

NOT ME
YOU DOPE!
HIM!



LET 'ER RIDE,
DUSTY!

HOLD ON
TO YOUR
HAT! HERE
WE GO!



I HOPE THIS
PLANE WORKS
THE SAME AS
THE JALOPPY
WE BUILT!

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN-
YOU
HOPE?



THE PLANE
LURCHES SKY-
WARD, BARELY
MISSING
THE
TREES



THERE
HE IS, ROY!
I'M GOING
TO PULL
ALONG SIDE!

THEN WHAT
AM I SUPPOSED
TO DO-WING
WALK?



COMING RIGHT
UP, MISTER!

I JUST HOPE
I WON'T BE
GOING RIGHT
DOWN!



CLOSER THE TWO
PLANES MOVE UNTIL
THE WING-TIPS ARE
ALMOST TOUCHING...

HERE GOES
NOTHING!

STEADY,
BOY!



WHEW! THE GAS PIPE SEE
IF YOU CAN PLUG
THAT LEAK!

ATHWART THE
WING, ROY
WORKS FURIOUS-
LY...

ON HANDS AND KNEES HE
CLIMBS BACK INTO THE
COCKPIT...

IT'S
ALL
FIXED!

WE'RE OUT
OF GAS. WE'LL
HAVE TO
LAND!



HOLY JOE! LOOK
AT THAT FOREST!
YOU COULDN'T EVEN
DROP A PENCIL BE-
TWEEN THOSE
TREES!

DUSTY - HE'S
SIGNALING
TO US!

HE MUST'VE
SEEN SOME-
THING!



AS HIS MOTOR
QUIT, THE
MAJOR'S SON
SWINGS HIS
PLANE INTO
LINE BEHIND
DUSTY, IN A
LONG DESCEND-
ING GLIDE.
THE TWO
PLANES
HEAD INTO
THE FOREST...



THEY LAND IN A SMALL
CLEARING WHICH DUSTY
HAD SPOTTED FROM ABOVE.



IF ROY HADN'T CLIMBED OUT ON THAT WING...

IF DUSTY HADN'T SEEN THAT CLEARING!

IF YOU ASK ME BOTH OF YOU DESERVE A MEDAL!

LATER, AT THE AIRPORT, THREE TIRED BUT HAPPY SKY WARRIOR RETURN...

CONGRATULATIONS SON!



YOU TWO BOYS SHOWED MORE COURAGE AND REAL FLYING ABILITY THAN I'VE SEEN IN A LONG WHILE!

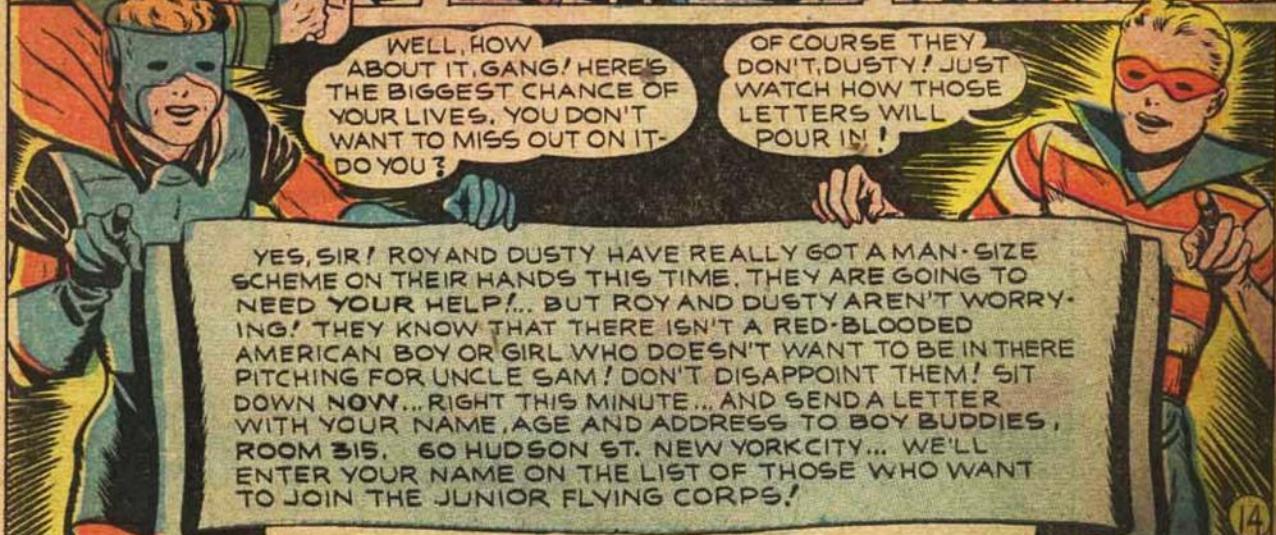
AND FURTHERMORE YOU'VE MADE ME CHANGE MY MIND COMPLETELY ABOUT YOUR JUNIOR FLYING CORPS PLAN. I'M BEGINNING TO THINK IT HAS POSSIBILITIES!

SO, GO AHEAD AND START THE BALL ROLLING. I'LL DO WHAT I CAN FOR YOU - IN WASHINGTON!



WELL, HOW ABOUT IT, GANG! HERE'S THE BIGGEST CHANCE OF YOUR LIVES. YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS OUT ON IT, DO YOU?

OF COURSE THEY DON'T, DUSTY! JUST WATCH HOW THOSE LETTERS WILL POUR IN!



C'mon-
BOYS·GIRLS
MEN·WOMEN

PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 30 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$3.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.



Real Live CANARY



What a pet! You will love it. Canary and Cage both given for selling only two orders. WRITE TODAY.

Sent Express Collect.



RADIO
Pocket Size
Needs no batteries or electrical connections
Sell only two 30 pkt. lots.

22 Piece TABLEWARE SET



**CANDID-Type
CAMERA**

Sell only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and this splendid Camera is yours. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.



Beautiful DINNER SET



This beautiful Set Given for selling only 1 orders of Seeds. Sent Express Collect.



GIVEN

Handsome finish, highly polished. POSITIVELY NOT A TOY. Send no money. **GIVEN** for selling only 4 orders. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY. BE FIRST.

A COMPLETE FISHING OUTFIT



Suitable for Dad or Son

This set is complete and practical, as shown. **Given for selling only one 30 pkt. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. each. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.**



**BOTH
GIVEN**

**GUITAR-UKE
AND
MANDOLIN**

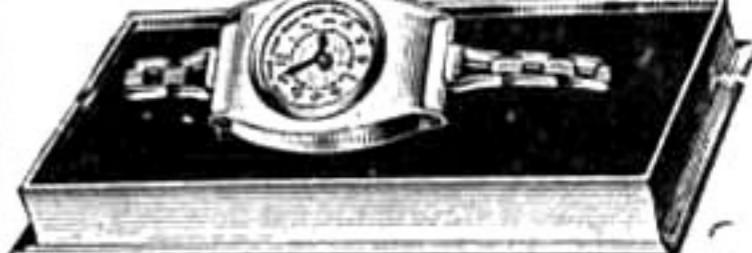
Just the Instruments for you until you can afford those of larger size. **BOTH GUITAR-UKE and Mandolin given for selling only 30 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a pkt.**

**PRIZE
TYPEWRITER
GIVEN**



\$10. for best letter written on this machine. **Simply dispose of only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. and Typewriter is yours.**

**LADIES' NEW FASHION WRIST WATCH
GIVEN**



Sparkling enameled Ivory case. Yours for disposing of only two orders of Garden Spot Seeds. WRITE TODAY.

**SEND
NO
MONEY**

**WE
TRUST
YOU.**

**BLUE BIRD GRANITE
GIVEN**



Will Make
You Proud
of Your Kitchen

Entire Set Given for selling only 30 pkts. of Seeds at 10c a pkt. WRITE TODAY.



**THIS PIN
IS YOURS**

Just mail the Coupon today and this beautiful pin, symbolic of American Freedom, will be sent right along with the seeds.

HURRY!

FREE



**MAIL COUPON
TODAY.**

35th
Year

Lancaster County Seed Co.,
Station 390 Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 30 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10 cts. a pkt. for a fine Gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Also send right along with Seeds Patriotic Pin shown above.

Name _____

Post Office _____

State _____

Street or R.F.D. _____ Box _____

Print your last name plainly below

Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY.

ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER



THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR \$1.00 ONLY

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk of handsome walnut grain, finished with rich Burgandy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU!

LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release, double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse, tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide, writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, pay all shipping charges and refund your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

Remington's Amazing Combination Offer

How easy it is to get this combination. Just imagine! A small deposit and the balance on Remington's easy ten pay plan. Become immediately the possessor of this beautiful desk and a brand new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon. DO IT TODAY!



SEND COUPON

NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept. 479-3
Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about the Remington ten pay plan. Send Catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....